

Pilgrim's Progress (2009 Remaster)

Procol Harum

(fisher / reid)I sat me down to write a simple story
Which maybe in the end became a song
In trying to find the words which might begin it
I found these were the thoughts I brought alongAt first I took my weight to be an anchor
And gathered up my fears to guide me round
But then I clearly saw my own delusion
And found my struggles further bogged me downIn starting out I thought to go exploring
And set my foot upon the nearest road
In vain I looked to find the promised turning
But only saw how far I was from homeIn searching I forsook the paths of learning
And sought instead to find some pirate's gold
In fighting I did hurt those dearest to me
And still no hidden truths could I unfoldI sat me down to write a simple story
Which maybe in the end became a song
The words have all been writ by one before me
We're taking turns in trying to pass them on
Oh, we're taking turns in trying to pass them on

Songwriters

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